Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 43

Ash Angel

Part: 1

Preface:

I have been left behind-

‘One death won’t change a world-mind, I don’t want to be another left behind sorry mom’s- I did not want it this way, but what good is life, if it will never- change?

You like me cannot deny the life that you live… like sometimes were- I try to rhyme, about being left behind- and, just like you girl- I know that you have, let it all out; I stay strapped with gangs, and bitches, I walk into the

school see them all, I am wanting to be cool, yet making a fool, I am so lame, and they are so cool, just want to drown the ass in the Barnesboro pool.

Converses covered in mud, now blood, making a tear flood, and I go bake to my table, laugh at me like I am the lent of the navel. So-o I get up in the morning, just seeing the old man snoring, just to see my only friend, there is not one… those teachers, I break their wrist make a fist and shove the kids in their lockers, look at me you would never think I would do such a crime, yet I have been left behind.'

‘So-o, you hate me, and I hate you- and you don’t know, just what I go through, and you get love, and I get hate, don’t ask for forgiveness, for it’s far too late.’

~Dariez~

(Back to where Naddalin said I am taking her…)

‘Somewhere in this world little girls' fan-ie was going up and down on a big girl thing, like this one here, in her room, even so, it was not worth losing her she said to him… I blame you, and it is just a wand not that, this

here is that and she holds it after snooping her room out- so-o and even so-o, she a 14-year- old girl, that has never sinned in her life, and God posted on the cross, so even if we did sin, it was not looked at by him as bad, that was why he did… so what that say… she doing nothing wrong- by being- GIRL. Little girls have a feeling that needs out…'

The big mean man was crying like a baby at her feet… thinking Dariez, may not make it come back…

She said the ‘And you want to say that your oh-h so-o holy, as a man you’re not I know that you have been looking at this girl while she was nude in her bed frapping, so, Mr. you want to say you’re not sinful, I know that you did, I know that you're like pissed about it, over the fact, I think and feel that was not your penis that was the first inside her, I know your feelings for her, and you want to say she has more sin then you, Mr. your wrong.

I should leave you- I should… I wanted more for her then her sucking men of just to live after she was 18,

dancing around on dicks, just to make it, for food and a piece to lie her head, at night, and working in some dump of a bar like I did when I was a girl- I want more for her than some man like you, saying what she can and cannot do when it was her life and her body… and even her soul! And I am happy for her, doing what she did now, I understand, you're in the wrong…'

At that moment, the- wineglass Aunt Marge was holding exploded in her hands, with loss of control, remembering her days as one of them too. Shards of glass flew in every

direction and Aunt Marge sputtered with words that were not words and blinked repeatedly, her face blushed, as she is remembering her powers.

Marge!

She squealed Aunt Jennath.

Marge, are you, all right?

-Then-

Not to worry, and grunted Aunt Marge, mopping her face with her top, showing belly button skin. And must have squeezed it too hard. She- did the same thing at Colonel Fibster’s the-

another day, and a plat moved and broke. No need to fuss, Jennath, I have a very firm grip… on this one… she proud a new glass of wine, and was about to put it down, and she did and then.

Aunt Jennath And Uncle Read they were both looking at Naddalin suspiciously- back for the long weekend, when she made the glass of wind go in reverse like, from when it shattered back to being in her hand- fixing itself, saying whispering words like in slurs, so she- decided she had better skip dessert and escape from

the- table as soon as she- could, before calling the evil child- yet once more.

(Back at school it is a Tuesday, that feels like a Monday.)

Outside in the- hall, she- leaned against the wall, breathing deeply. It had been a long time since she had lost control and made something explode. Naddalin knew it was her doing.

She- could not afford to let it happen again, this time she was in her bed, and made it seem like it was all her, yet she knew better.

The- Claepsiara, Skoufyceol of Wizardry and the Fallen, the form was not the- only thing at stake, Dariez was too, like- if she- carried on like that, she would be in trouble with the- Bureau of Magic.

Naddalin was still an underage magician and angel, and she- was forbidden by sorcerer law to do magic outside the village of Hayvannahol.

The record was not exactly clean either. Only last summer she had gotten an authorized cautionary that had said quite evidently that if the-

Bureau got wind of any more magic in Privet Drive, Naddalin would face dismissal from the school.

She heard the Bureau of them all leaving the- table and hurried upstairs out of the way. Naddalin got through the- next three days by forcing herself to think about the Handbook of Do-It-Yourself Wing care whenever Aunt Marge started on her, it was like homework yet not, it was kind of fun even to read about. She worked relatively- well, though it gave her a glazed look, for the reason that- Aunt

Marge started voicing the- opinion that she- was emotionally poor.

At last, finally, the- final evening of Marge's stay arrived, a long time coming, did it not? Yes- yes, it did- I feel- um and -ah- too.

Aunt Jennath cooked a fancy dinner and Uncle Read uncorked several bottles of wine. They got through the- consommé and her- salmon without a solitary mention of Naddalin's faults; during the- lemon meringue pie, Uncle Read bored them a with a long talk about Sterling's, the

continuous mining company up in the village of Alverda, just past Carrolltown; then Aunt Jennath made coffee for, Uncle Read, and give him the paper, and carried out a bottle of brandy, your one granddaddy did that back way on the back when, his name was Chiaz, yet somehow down the line, his last name was forgotten about, and your grandma oh so-o many years back with bake to her maiden name.

Also, can I lure you, Marge?

-And-

Aunt Marge had already had a lot of wine, and she was slurring her speech. Her huge face was very red. Then Just a small one, then, and she- chuckled like a young schoolchild. And A bit more than that… Besides a bit more… that is the- ticket.

-Besides-

Dariez was eating her fourth slice of pie, and Aunt Jennath was sipping coffee with her little finger sticking out of the handle. Naddalin wanted to disappear into the bedroom, but she- met Uncle Read’s angry little

eyes and knew she- would have to sit it out.

Furthermore, Aunt Marge said, ‘Aah,’ rubbing her lips, on the rim of the glass, and putting the- empty brandy crystal glass back down. And Excellent nosh, Jennath.

‘It’s normally just a normal long day for me, of an evening, with twelve kids mine or not running around to look after…’ She- burped richly, and patted the dog, in her lap. Yet this is what I love to do is cooking and cleaning and tending to young ones.

Nonetheless, I do like to see a healthy- girl, and she would- go on, winking towards Dariez, how was running around, with the others acting far too young for her true age.

…And, you will be a prophesized lady, like your daddy- and more importantly.

‘Yes, I will have a spot more brandy, read… thank you!’

-Besides-

Correspondingly, now- she one there -at that moment, she- jerked her head at Naddalin, who felt she puppy’s

nails clench into her skin of her freshly shaved legs- grate even more cuts… she mumbled, well holding her hands of books in all that is an enchantment, she- thought quickly, about getting up and then the puppy fell asleep in her lap, and it was nice.

Naddalin was trying to remember page fourteen of the book: A Charm to Remedy Unenthusiastic Reversers.'

At that moment seeing the blood dripping from her gashing legs, she thought it… all comes down to red

blood- no? And she was bleeding again, as I was saying the- another day- about, in my work. Bad blood will itself out…!

Now, I’m saying nothing against your family, she’d- patted Aunt Jennath’s lanky hands with a swoop, along with saying something on the lines of, your cousin is a bad egg, this magic that you are looking in to is of the devil, see these card, it an old set of cards that were your grandmothers, yet that made her go mad looking into them more than seven times a day, think they were helping her, find her way, when it was all an illusion with a

fifty-fifty chance of probability either way, of what you want to believe.

Naddalin got up and rolled her eyes and said, ‘bull shit,’ ‘They turn up in her- best families, too, and are charity cases that free-load, or the fact that they are a simpleton.’ Then she’d- ran off with a wastrel and here’s the- result right in front of us.’

-Beyond-

Naddalin was staring at the plate, a funny ringing in her ears, and then she could hear the voices- even if holding her ear and looking rude to

them, it was not their voices in her head it was them- you know them.

I’s am- grasp my bum firmly, she- thought, and run, as if you have girlie problems, and go for the bathroom and let them talk to you thought your mouth- were they here you at of these mind body and soul too alike, linked like, it is trafficking walking around in your body that is rightfully yours yet is no longer, in life- and knowing that is not you doing it is them- and you don’t know whom- they are, and they could kill, by moving your own body to do say, if they wanted- and

not remember the way and where, and make it looks as if it was self-inflicted death or harm, makes you look nuts no? yet it's them, 4 voices, and one power over me. All the time, it never ends, chatter- chatter- yelling and whispers too.

But she- could not remember what came next, even if the said- was going to do, even if she said to do this or that if she did or they did for her, she was so confused, her mind was not her own- nor- figure, personality, character, nature, behavior,

disposition, and most of all temperament.

Aunt Marge's voice seemed to be boring to her like one of Uncle Read's drills.

Besides she-, she said Aunt Marge loudly, seizing the- brandy bottle, tightly and splashing it about in the bottle more into the glasses, she was swishing it around so drunkenly that it was spraying out and over the blue and white tablecloth, and you never- ever… ever- never- like told me what he- did for a living?

‘…And’s- and’s now’s I’s knows,’ she said slurring.

-And-

Uncle Read and Aunt Jennath were looking extremely tense. Dariez had even looked up from her pie, and that was big for her to do that when it came to sweets, to gawk at her parents.

At that time, he- did not work, she thought, said Uncle Read, with half a glance at Naddalin, who was still unemployed, and in her second year of what would be a high school for a normal girl her age, yet she is too

mental- is she not? '…To do the Negro race jobs, (the contemptuous term for a black or dark-skinned person type or work,) that blacks used to do for white people,' 'I can see that, you still have the confederate flag hang from your porch,' said Naddalin, getting red in the face with all the- just wrong- slurs that were being said. 'Honey-hush- even they know how to scrub a floor down on their hands and knees, unlike you and your dim-witted ways.'

'I sure that you have spent quite a lot of time on yours… down on

your knees that is…!’ Said Naddalin, smirking.

-And-

And as I expected, ‘I’ am the bad girl-’ ‘I’ am not THE BAD GIRL!’

And then said, Aunt Marge, taking a huge swig of brandy and wiping her chin, looking for inappropriate, just after Naddalin pun.

And A no-account, worthless, lazy scrounger who-

-And-

And she- was not, said Naddalin suddenly over and over, with her famous saying.

The- table went very- incredibly quiet, and Naddalin was shaking all over, with her getting her ass chewed out and completely- butt reamed, and all the things said, about others, and races too, and smarts, of others that did not match- her leave of genus- only she thought she had, you know the type of all- run at the mouth, yet nothing said, to walk away with.

She- had never felt so angry in life, yet she was the one- um, that was being all ever name in the book.

There is too much and with or for law in a lawless country, and they wonder why police officers are being shot, they will not do anything about, it- it being everything that is a slur to you and me, and I sorry I am for the minorities' I always felt as if I was one.

I had to google…

Part: 2

The Bill of Rights:

‘Mumm-kay-’

The United States Constitution has 27 Amendments.

‘Cool, I thought… The first 10 Amendments to the Constitution are called the Bill of Rights? The Bill of Rights was approved, or, in 1791, and I care why? Yet is said- It outlines the basic rights and freedoms of American citizens, um- hum sure it does.’

We the girls of this book feel this way-

Amendment 1

The First Amendment protects the rights of every American. It defines the freedoms of religion, speech, and press. Most Americans believe that the First Amendment guarantees their most important rights.

- ‘Speech- I would say this is a good thing, yet when do you draw the line, here I would say to a cop of law in my hometown that has their own, and can’t read the book that stats the law in which they say they flow when doing you for example: call some retarded to their face, more than ten times, when do you do something about it? Who do

we blame, you blame me the BAD GIRL would you not?’

 ‘Press- these days would be nothing but Facebook- and online crap, would it not? It is not read worlds of news and news of slandering one another until they are harassed, bullied, and stocked and hanging on a rope… Others calling another faggot, and nonsensical things like that, that is not true yet become believed over the fact that they only have a second-grade education- yet what do you expect when they are told to be happy that

have that… and post lines of text, that are not even words or sentences.’

 ‘Religion- what’s that? And- even if you do have one, OMG- do not say or off goes your head, and you would piss off the atheist’s and get a long-drawn-out speech about evolution…’

‘Yep, that about sums it up simply fine in a Pennsylvania small town.’

Amendment 2

The Second Amendment guarantees Americans the right to bear arms, or own guns.

 ‘Guns- That why you can go to a school with an AK-47 and spray for fame, yet I do not blame you for you don’t have an education, over others saying you can’t handle it. And have no law- yet, again to say you cannot wave a gun in my face, it their right to do so- o. it is every man for themselves and do even get me to start on women’s rights and how there is not any. They will not give you a pencil, over they- like your schooling system doesn’t have the

money, yet maybe they will let you have a gun, so you can blast them in the head for not teaching you anything, and not having enough wet about you to know any better, only in ‘America…’ and spell that, ah- you can’t, other counties are giggling at us!’

Amendment 3

The Third Amendment prevents the government from forcing citizens to shelter soldiers in their homes.

 ‘What?’

‘And… this should not matter- and the why? And I say this- over the

fact we have no understanding of any world wars anyways, nor do the kids, I want to school with before, I left there forever, and found a place where they care about girls and their thoughts. And at this point, you say this ‘GAY’ and stop reading! It all bull shit, and I don’t care… and say this is all over the no child left behind… act!’

‘Yep… yep! …YET SHOULD IT BE US- WE- YOU AND I, TO BE GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT?’

Amendment 4

The Fourth Amendment protects the privacy of American citizens.

 ‘Like taking a photograph is now a felony, FOR SOME AND NOT OTHERS. Over more and- and or, being the way out, privacy there is no such thing… I am sorry if your someone, that was or is stocked like a celebrity, before leaving this world! It prohibits, or prevents, unnecessary or unreasonable searches of a person's property- sure- sure it does.’

Amendment 5

In the Fifth Amendment, all Americans are guaranteed the right to a fair and legal trial. It also protects someone from testifying against him- or herself under oath.

- ‘Um-mm- I don’t believe that for a moment my- freaking time; more like- by 12 of their town people, that hate you for you, saying your this and that, all lies believe over there too simple to think, yet they make it so you’re the BAD GIRL, or paid off by a school to hush up… just for instance…

so if you’re like me and I know that you are- you're guilty until proven innocent! If you are like me, you do not have a trial, that would say you should be happy we do not take you away, for what you are, more press of what was never confidential, oath there no God to kids my age so- go suck something- long and hard. Then have a population of 3,000 say everything they need and your F*CKED! And they think you cannot read, write, or spell or do math with fingers and toes, and the press documents make you more than a dumb shit that- the man behind the desk with

a gavel would roll his eyes at you and say do not waste my time, funny is not like he could be your school superintendent or something like I had.’

‘They say- ‘I have lost my mind, at this point-’ yet I have something to say back to that, ‘I never had one to lose- so there...’’

Amendment 6

- A right to a speedy trial is guaranteed by the Sixth Amendment.

‘More like piss and flap your dick in my face, and hit- the- door, that

if you can find it, without help!' 'See- see that sing there would say exit- in red- it's lighting up, just so Ya know!'

Amendment 7

 The Seventh Amendment guarantees the right to a trial by jury in civil, or private, legal cases where damages are more than $20. Civil cases solve disputes between citizens.

'Okay that is everything in my town- the card I have to play, yet there is no time for- someone like me... I already know when the police officers

are independent and say and do- what that want to say- and do, and the system rigged within the names of the towns- and a county that well stays names that, I am part of over and- and or suits they could give me for saying truths. Good luck…’

Amendment 8

 Unreasonable bail or fines and cruel and unusual punishment are prohibited by the Eighth Amendment.

‘Is that English…? I don’t know what this is saying so I am going to take it as disrespectfully as you would

too- if you’re my age.’ ‘Nope sit and rot is what I got, just like her and she too, and maybe you also.’

Amendment 9

 The Ninth Amendment recognizes that Americans have rights that are not listed in the Constitution.

‘And that is and that is what now?’

‘In 1920, the Nineteenth Amendment gave women the right to vote… ‘Yep glad to see we have something.’

Amendment 10

The Tenth Amendment says that the powers not given to the United States government by the Constitution belong to the states or the people.

And labor law ha, that a joke makes nothing, get pissed on if you can find work, with your background of nothing, and have old-timers say you are a waste of life when you cannot make a change. You must be certified or have a degree yet get one… making Big Macs is what they say to do, or if your smart and know where the money

is an internet-nudist, I deserve more… or hit the military table, or drop out, or do what I did kill yourself as my school counselor said to do.

‘I disagree… and that maybe some of the issues when they're all fighting with the man in power.’ And the world is a deplorable disgrace, to the Earth and the USA people.’

‘Yep, I'll be moving to Canada…’

Ash angel: 2

Part: 1

Another Chapter in My Book of Life

…And MORE BRANDY!

…And more of me being the bad girl of what did you do…

…And they start it and your fault…

…Yet, they see only what they want to see…

…Yet, that is my life, not just home all-around town too…

…And, then yelled Uncle Read, who had gone very- white in the body and face.

She- emptied the- bottle into Aunt Marge’s glass, I knew if they kept drinking someone would get their face stabbed off, with a small pocketknife. It starts with love and ends with passionate hate, then us girls take the brunt of the stabbing in other ways, as they snarled at me Naddalin, and say-

‘Go to bed! ‘…Go on!’

-And-

No, Read, I said, I am not a little girl, yet that is when he said- ‘yet you have the intellect of one so-o go-o to your room, now.’ ‘BUT - BU- T… awe- you are hiccupped… go cry to dead mommy and daddy, and we all know, you don’t have a right to be more than a baby… and treated as such!!!’ Aunt Marge said, holding up her left hand, in an authoritative way. Her tiny bloodshot eyes fixed on Naddalin’s, looking at her as if she could murder. Her tiny eyes welling up, yet holding back to be a strong girl, that she knew

inside… that she was even if, said not so-o over and over.

‘Go on, girl to bed.’

Naddalin- Proud of your parents, are you, girls, you should be there nothing but worthless alcoholics! They are going to get themselves killed in a car crash being this drunk, one of these days, you will see, they well, like a girl I knew that did…

-And-

Them- ‘And they- like the girl, didn’t die in a car crash, or she would not be here!’

Naddalin- ‘You don’t know half of what you think you do!’ …And who found herself on her feet in front of them all as if it was a civil court case.

Them- ‘She did not die in a car crash and understand something clearly at last and come back, you’re a nasty little liar!’

Look- look and now left you to be a burden on them- mm-mm- mm-mm, hardworking relatives, taking in dumb ass-ed shit’n trash, that cannot read write or spell, with her special needs program!

Then shrieked Aunt Marge, swelling with vehemence. Besides- You are so-o insolent ant' yah, ungrateful little brat.

-And-

But Aunt Marge suddenly stopped speaking. For a moment, it looked as though words had failed her altogether. She- seemed to be swelling, some with inexpressible anger - but she- swelling did not stop, in her read face. Her prodigious enflamed face started to swell until she was losing air, her tiny eyes stick out as if she were

possessed, and her mouth stretched all evil like, and like fare too tightly for speech- next additional moments went by and then, several buttons were opened by her to breathe, as if she were going bankrupt out of her old holy jacket, that stuck to high heavens, like dog shit and her bad-smelling piss and woman-ness- ness- ness. And sounded off the- walls, she was letting outgas, and it was horrid. And I did what they said finally or be completely gassed- like a girl in a concentration camp, killed by the ‘stank,’ so I left the room- and when to mine, waving my hand

back and forth just slightly by my little picture-perfect nose.

MARGE…!

She was yelling for Uncle Read, and Aunt Jennath together as Aunt Marge’s whole body began to rise off the chair toward the- ceiling, I could see that Dariez had found her inner power, she had enough too.

She- was completely plump, yet more even than before, and everyone in the room was under her cast- yet, Dariez was overpowering her, now, and her hands, then feet stuck out weirdly

as she- floated up into the- air, making angry bursting noises until her head exploded all over the walls- like a busted piñata full of candy; with brains and goo- splattering everything, and the puppy's started liking it up- is if it was their candy. -And-

NO-OOOOOO!

-Besides-

That night after I and she got so ticked off that me and Dariez, chipped together and bought an adorable tiny house, all white on the inside with all the things too girls

would ever need up in the loft bedrooms, for us both, to live, cute and more room than you would think at 20 x 20 in and placed it in the backyard, also a Victorian. It was time that I got my place, yet not too far away, yet away… right next to the old tracks, under the tree, that is taller.

There is nothing more pretty than a girl's pussy full of her c*mming and she drips it out, I can see Dariez for my room, and it is okay, she a girl and a cute one at that so-o… everything these days with girls are open what not,

what dirty about a girl's body feeling good and her feeling good- I ask?

(Back)

Uncle Read apprehended one of Marge’s feet and tried to pull her body down from floating in the air all headless, nonetheless- elevated from the- floor herself. A second later, the puppy dove forward on her and started to lick her even more than before, and descended her teeth into Uncle Read’s leg, when he tried pulling her off her.

Naddalin tore away running from the- dining room before anyone

could stop her, heading for the- cubbyhole under the- stairs. The- cubbyhole door burst magically open as she- reached it, think this may be the last time I see it. In minutes, she- had dumped the trunk to the- front door.

She- sprinted upstairs and threw herself under the- bed, getting her hands on anything she could say is mine- to take without saying of this or that not being so-o, spraining up the- loose floorboard, and grabbing all the pillowcase off her bad too though in her belongings, full of the books- that she never read yet did, and birthday

presents too, for the others, not them- yet they never really gave her anything, over all the years- it took what you could.

She- wriggled out, seized Baby Raven's empty cage, and dashed back downstairs to her trunk, just as Uncle Read burst out of the- dining room, she trouser leg in bloody tatters, I am getting my place, and I am taking this little girl with me too, and do not say anything or I will run away with her, and you can get charges for the- why of it all when I say what goes on here.

‘OH, NO YOUR NOT, and COME BACK IN HERE NOW- I say!’ She- hollered- ‘COME BACK, I make it right with you.’

But a reckless rage had come over Naddalin, and Naddalin holding Dariez hand pulled her, and even harder way… saying you are not going to have a life like this… She- kicked the trunk open, pulled out her wand, and pointed it at Uncle Read, and her to charming them into thinking this was all a-okay to do, saying it is for the best- trust me, you do not want a life like a girl I once knew- she was a lot like me,

she was saying as they were waking the tracks Naddalin on the left rail and Dariez on the right, to town hand and hand linked in the middle, the sun rays shining on them at sundown.

-And-

(Up to the point of going to town, where I said we will have a home, when not at school, and magically three-grand showed in her hand, saying see, as they walked to a place where they made tine homes, to order, Naddalin using a fast forward spell, she

made a week go by, with them, to have it there within the night.)

And she would- deserve it, did she not, so do not feel bad about it, Naddalin said, breathing amazingly fast. She would deserve what she would- got.

‘You keep away next to me- always.’

-And-

Naddalin- She- rummaged behind her for the- latch on the- door, to their cute new tiny home, that was somewhat of an indentation, to a nook,

that had windows wrapping around.

And I am going, said Naddalin, coming?

And I have had enough excitement for one-day so-o… yes.

-Also-

Then in the- next moment, she- was out in the- dark, quiet street, heaving the heavy trunk behind her, with Baby Raven’s cage under her arm.

Well then, said Dorezblumd finally, and that is that you have a new home- then, I will document this event for our records.

We have no business staying there… here in the backyard with this home, even if…

We may as well go… in and have celebrations, first meal.

It was funny to see the land grow before my eyes- thought Dariez- into this 50’ x 100’ plot of land and them home within, and- in size, that was not there before, yet magical it was now, Naddalin made happen with her wand, making them think also by charging them with a spell that it was a line of acquiescence, that was

something they just had and ever need to pay for it was just given land- that there were dumbfounded over- being there, so in front of their home now is owners, and there is nothing they can or will do about it.

-Besides-

Besides saying ‘yes,’ then in a very muffled voice, in on belief. And I will be takin’ Trirus the bike back, you do not need to work any longer as at your age as something as dumb as a paper carrier for $1.50, over summer, just to give it all to them.

G’night, Professor Pattergirl - Professor Dorezblumd, sir, now back at the school, with all the children gone, it was too quiet- too quiet.

At once she was wiping tears streaming from her eyes onto her jacket sleeve, looking at her new home and room, that was aloft a big step up in her world of filth.

Then she swung herself onto the- bicycle, that was not her, she said I go give this to him now and walk back, then she kicked the- 1921 engine; with a roar, it rose, and off into the- night.

Beyond, that all- I shall see you soon, I expect… ‘yes, yes’ she said with a sweet smile. Professor Pattergirl knew this and so did Dorezblumd, nodding for permission to do so-o, for me to look after her, and so on, it all was approved.

Professor Pattergirl blew her nose in reply, saying- ‘awe this is sweet- is it not, looking around the tiny house.’

Dorezblumd turned and walked back down the- street, with the two girls saying keep this nice and

were fine with it, you girls need a stable home interment. On the corner, she- stopped and took out the- hoary light-exterior, as the lights were about to flicker on. It was now nightfall, and she was off, Dorezblumd did not want to be seen, clicked it once- beforehand, and fourteen balls of light flew back to their streetlamps post. So that tree-lined driveway that wound about glowed suddenly orange, as it did ever so many years back, and she- could make out a shadow person slinking around the- corner at the other end of the- street.

(Forward)

Dorezblumd - could just see the- bundle of blankets on the- step of number four, for them too now keep as a gift, there were heading for the train car, for them to go back home, now that the girls were- set. And good luck, Naddalin, they- murmured, as they were all next to the train to set off. She- turned on her heel as they walked up the steps to the car, and with a swish of Dorezblumd Robe, they went inside, and the steam from the wheels overtook them, whispering around them as the train pulled away.

A breeze ruffled the- old tree with plant life in shades of webbed like-greens of the leaves of angle oak, that would sway and hangs down on the limbs, in the slight gusts of breeze, in the dim, light a wondrous remarkable sight, with covering branches that lie on the ground, that cover in many directions, with moss. On the shadow-covered pathway showing the figures of all the leaves as they dance about, and green tall grasses which lay silent and tidy under her- blue inky sky, the- very last place you would expect astonishing things to happen.

Naddalin - rolled over inside her blankets without waking up, odd for her being a light sleeper, yet this new blanket made her feel safe for some reason.

Dariez- one small hand closed on the- letter beside her, night said, apart to add to her book of life, like a story of another chapter within her book of life, and she- slept on it hoping to have dreams that would add to it that were even more beautiful than reality, not knowing she- was special, even if she was. Like and then not knowing she- was going to be famous a

Naddalin, not knowing she- would be woken in a few hours… back to where magic, enchantment, fairy-tale's is the only thing that matters.' Natalie's scream as she- opened the- front door to put out the- milk bottles, seeing the remains of her laying in the yard… after the exploding head thing… she hardly made a wish in her mind and time move forward, with light being distorted, by that time Mr.S, walked out of the castle we were there walking towards her, the long weekend was over.

Nor would spend have to spend the- next few weeks being nudged and pinched by her cousin Alisha... that wanted to sleepover in the new house, it may have been a day yet felt like time was moving slower.

She- could not know that, like at the very moment, individuals meeting in secret all over the- country were holding up their glasses and saying in almost silent voices:

To Naddalin- the- girl who survived!

-And-

As she- passed the- door to the- living room… Naddalin caught a glimpse of Uncle Read and Dariez, he was taking out her ribbon in her hair, sweetly trying to get back in with her, yet it was never- ever- ever going to work.

She- had only just reached the- upstairs landing when she- the doorbell rang, and Uncle Read’s furious face appeared at the- foot of the- stairs. Naddalin was several streets away before she- collapsed, on her way back to her new home, panting from the- effort of moving all that belonged to

two girls out of her home to her new one. She- sat quite still, anger still surging through her over it all, listening to the- frantic thumping of her once hart.

But after ten minutes or so-o alone in the- shadowy dark street, a new emotion overtook her mind-body, and soul- a fear, more than any that she has in the past days of days. Either way she- looked at it, she- had never been in a worse solution- never.

She- was stranded, quite alone, in the- dark nonmagical people world,

with nowhere to go or run, yet she felt as if she needed to run- yet nowhere to go in was all in her mind the voices. Besides, the worst of it was, she- had just serious magic on her mind, and she knew not to use this in this world, that is why she was feeling as she was? This meant that she- was fired from the school for girls, for doing what she did, yet it was all okay, she knew when they got back on the train, so why were all the characters in her head saying that was WRONG MISS-ie.

She- had broken the-

Pronouncement for the- Constraint of

Youthful Wizardry so badly, she- was surprised Bureau of Magic assemblies were not swooping down on her where she- parked her behind. Naddalin trembled, falling as she was walking towards the new home-based, for her and the girl she was taken under her wings and looked up at the crescent moon wondering if her life was ending, over this all, that this was wrong of her. Was her life now ending to save hers, she wondered and thought…?

What was going to happen to her?

Wonder, wonder, wonder…

Part: 2

Would she- be arrested, or would she- simply be outlawed from the- wizarding world, and made to die so she could live on?

In a way that is what she thought would happen as she blacked out…

She- thought of Jinger and Emmah, Emmah the most, as her life and past ones flashed before her fast and yet slow too… And her heart quivered, in the body that she now

owns on this Earth, and yet felt as if it was even lower, then before falling to her feet even more.

Naddalin was sure that, criminal or not, Jinger and Emmah would want to help her now, life on, but they were both abroad, back, and with Baby Raven’s gone to, she- had no means of contacting them back here where she lay on the driveway. She- did not have any money, either… even if she was able to make it somewhere, or even back to the tiny home, it seemed that all that she had was stiped away from her.

There was a little entertainer money from the other world in her- bag that she had in her trunk if she could get the strength to get there; but the- rest of her- fortune, was her parents that was left to her, she had left her was stored in a vault at Buchanan Wizarding Bank in Pennsylvania, a week ago know this all, links to their world through with tubes of teleporting, people not money- to their inheritance, within big tubes going down, yet with a whooshing of pink- reddish licked add for safety, that was backlight, like a waterslide to the

Underworld, of banking. She never can drag the trunk to Pennsylvania, ‘till now, she was going to have more money than she knew what to do with… when she came of age, in this body she was in…

Unless… she passed it down… not knowing… she- looked down at her hands with all the power she once had, a wing within her feeling like they were dying and about to fall off. Which she- was still clutching in the hands, the falling feathers, graying, and blood covered. If she- was already expelled (the heart was now thumping painfully

fast, as if she were all human all over again.) A bit more magic could not hurt... right?

Part: 3

She- had she-inconspicuousness negligee one in the first place to hid from all that was around her, she- had inherited from her daddy, that was smart in picking that over all others, what if she- bewitched? The- Negligee also made her feel close to her late daddy, tied to her wrist was a ribbon, this was all that covered herself until she got back. No one was

going to help here in Pennsylvania. Then she- could get the- rest of the money out of the vault and… if only she had the mind and strength to at this very moment. Outcast begins her life as always and ever she thought, weekly.

It was a horrifying panorama, to think this may be her last days of days, to life on… but she- could not lay in the street forever, or she would find herself trying to explain to nonmagical people police, why she was half nude, sleeping in the street, and brain dead to them, with- and OR's- that was… misunderstandings. And- that do

nothing but harass the innocent, making bull shit charges for you to have to face, making me- the bad girl like ways- only seeing what they want to see- not the truth- or way of law- but their own made up of dimwitted minds at the time, dumb shit's that can't even mumble, your name, they are, asking the dumb question of -why?

Like why she- was out in the- dead of night with a trunk full of spell books, and all her stuff made them think she was a slut run away, and a busted pillow… littering as well.

They give her a run-on of charges, that she would have to face… and dragged her home lags dangling, as she was drunk, as with they thought. Then it was- the next morning and she snapped awake, she was in her bed as if nothing happened. Naddalin opened the trunk again and pushed the- fillings aside, looking for she- Inconspicuousness Negligee- it was confiscated, she thought but before she- had found it, she- straightened up suddenly, looking around her once more, it was on the floor of her new loft

bedroom, and Dariez looking at her from a-crossed the way as if she lost it.

Funny itchiness on her- back, and butt that she was skating inappropriately for a lady had made Naddalin feel she- was being watched- as if she were a celebrity- by all them, but the- street appeared to be deserted- and her home was all her own with the girl she took under her wings- and about that too- she thought… what if they fell off, and never going to have them back. And no lights stood out outside the houses, yet she felt those eyes upon her- as if she were the girl

from the story- chosen, and tricked into giving in.

She- bent over the trunk again, her undies flying a crossed the room as she was pulling all the things that were cute out- that did not seem all that important to her now, but almost immediately stood up once more, her hands clenched on the crystal ball, that Dariez had discovered, days before saying, this is not a toy, she said ‘I know I could see a girl like you within it…’

Naddalin- ‘Yah I know that girl well, and so well you someday, yet in time- in time.’

She- had sensed rather than heard it, it was a like a lightning bolt jumped from her hand to the ball as she touched it giving of high voltage of power back to her to live: she ran back outside, with her hand and arm stitched out with the ball in her palm to the heavens above in cold shades of grays, and the storm string above, with moody clouds, moved fast, the blot of life hit her, knocking her to the ground, looking fried, to Dariez who ran to her

and not long after, this crystal ball ounces belong to- them… she muttered, her- it was her… and this was how she was the evilest of all them then. ‘Very dark and immensely powerful, it is…’ she whispered to her… as she was more than okay to live on, with bark life now given to her.

And at once someone or something was standing in the- narrow gap between the- garage and falling down fence behind her, it had to be one of them as a haunt of the past, knowing- it had to be-but which one?

Naddalin squinted at the- black driveway that was closing out by all the trees.

If only she knew if this shadow was a girl, or if it would move like a girl’s figure, would move, then she would know what it was, or if it was something like a stray cat or- something else, that also was completely harmless.

And then Naddalin muttered- saying take it to hold on to it and never let it go, then a light appeared within the ball getting brighter and brighter

till glowed, like a light bulb, almost dazzling Dariez, and her face and eyes were locked and fixed on it with the phenomenon, she was becoming the next in the line of the most powerful- of the fallen. She- held it high over the head- now with both hands as the rain no poured down her, suddenly it sparkled; with- with orange hora's, as she was standing in front of the garage door gleaming with her newfound strength to do anything, Naddalin said- 'know-longer well you be a simpleton just to be pissed on… no longer feeling

as if you- like you’re in ass-backwards Ville- she thought.’

Then between them, Naddalin saw, quite distinctly, the- small outline of something very, with gleaming eyes. The fear with-in her was more now than ever- think it was one of them, no that they may have found her out and hand no straight left.

Naddalin stepped backward, saying they will be after you… yet do not let that stop you, learn as much as you can and see as much as you can, I am looking out for you, now they are

after me, do not ask why, found out the way for yourself.

Dariez- she started to cry and said-

‘Okay.’

Part: 4

With a yell, she- rolled back and forth on the pavement, just in time. Naddalin had just been lying there doing such. Her legs went a week and Dariez hit the trunk falling onto it, it was as if she were dying… you would think, she placed the glass ball down, and it rolled out of her hands. Then she

flung her arms out to hold her… not break her fall at all as she did it, she hit the ground hard for her, and she- landed, hard, in the- gutter with her thinking she was going to die! There was a deafening sonic BANG, that was made after, the delay of her body getting stuck, and Naddalin threw up her hands to shield the eyes from a sudden blinding light… of the crystal ball. It was the shadow of her larking for the ball to get life back, even if that life is one of us, I knew I could feel it.

They went, as Naddalin saw them- rise above her dementing her,

like hounds, and sucking the life out of her mind through her head; they were pulling the power from her, she was trembling as she was dying, as much as they could get.

A double-decker CAM tram bus in blue was aggressively driving as it went by her… which had appeared out of thin air, so it seemed as it rushed down the driveway as if it were ripping and pulling at the dark shadowy trees. Gold lettering over the- windshield spelled The- Knight Bus, to the station, the only way Naddalin could be saved is if they would get her back to the

school, to restore, her strength, it was called the moment that she was hit, they knew and saw this happens, though her mind body and soul. For a split second, Naddalin wondered if she-had been knocked silly by the fall, as she was being taken on to the blue bus, she was babbling, about things that just did not make any sense, things that happen within that girl’s life and story, details that she should not understand.

Then at the decerped train station, the steaming train rushed in so close to using that you could feel the heat of the steam, and the conductor in

a black uniform leaped out and began to speak loudly to the- night, saying do not waste time. Of course, Dariez was tagging slightly behind… odd it was number 13, it was taking her even fastback… to hear she could be fixed, they hoped.

-And-

Welcome to the- Knight train, 13 back to your home away from home, emergency transport, for you they said this was life or death so we're going to move, and the track is bumpy, for the- Marooned fallen girl or wizard just

stick out your hands, step onboard miss, he said to Dariez who was very-very worried, and she did and the train started to take off before her footing was on the footstep of the train car, and we can take you anywhere, with this line, you want to go, that is when Dariez said ‘I know- I am the one that owns this train.’ ‘You are- just like a child.’ She just glared… not mean, yet not in the mood…

‘Yes, well then… my name is Stan Shunpikes, and I will be your conductor, the duration he even said it would be my honor… miss!’

Part: 5

Then the- conductor stopped abruptly he- had just caught sight of Naddalin, who was still sitting on her- ground… of the train car. Naddalin snatched up the ball, that was rolling on the rocking back and forth floor, even told not to by EMT’s again, she tried desperately to scramble to the feet, falling- times and times over. Close up, she- saw that Stan was only a few years older than she- was, nineteen or eighteen or at most, a large, boy yet all too cute in all the right places, even if he had a few pimples, and a scruffy

look, no boy has it all you have to looking and find what lays within. What is that you are doing down there, what is that thing?

Said Stan, dropping the professional manner, over being stunned by its curiosity… asking questions, like a 5-year-old boy would with seeing a new toy.

Naddalin has fallen over 4 times now… Then she rolled over on her belly, now on the floor, onto a stretcher, for them to do her vitals, and get an IV started. Besides snorted Stan,

who was starting to feel feelings for Dariez feeling as he was.

‘And I did not do it on purpose,’ she said- they said, ‘we know,’ then said Naddalin, annoyed, by them feeling her up as a modest girl in some way that she was, with a man she did not know or feel comfortable with. One of the knees and butt parts of Dariez in her jeans were torn, and it was showing her tight underwear some, and Dariez knew that Stan was all into her, by his sneaking peeks. Yet, oddly that made her feel more loved than ever, in a time of pain. Besides her- hands she- had

been thrown out to break the fall was bleeding, from them, and need them to be stitched if there was anything there left to stitched up, there was just raw skin hanging from the bone.

She- suddenly remembered why she- had fallen over and turned around quickly to stare at the- pathway between the- garage and fence that led to the driveway that was surrounded by trees. The- Knight train’s headlamps, was flooding the ground ahead with light, she knew what she had seen one of them, girls from the past, after her, yet it was, and it was empty- was it all

in her mind over reading a story- or was it real, were they after her now? She felt as if that hunt was in her mind now…

Dariez was feeling looking at him with big sad eyes, and it was working they were falling too each other fast, even if it were the first time, they meet' and said Stan, was looking at magic, in that light happening too, it was like she forgot all about Emma, who would feel cheated on at that moment, yet after all, he was a boy, with all that boys come with, you know- boy things, that girls find cute.

Part: 6

Besides, there was a big black thing, she saw hovering over her, thought Naddalin, pointing uncertainty into her- gap. In addition to that, like a faceless black mischievous sprite… it had to be AVA, she was the only one that did that hiding in the background gazing with mischievous intents, she thought even deeper into the creepy of it all!

She- looked around at Stan, wondering if he too could be trusted or not, even saying it- aloud and then

muttering that trust is only had when there is a gold band around your finger, she said to Dariez, who looked smitten with her new interest. Whose mouth was slightly open, still looking at her with love stick eyes. With a feeling of unease, Naddalin saw Stan’s eyes move to mark Naddalin’s head.

‘…And like what is that on your head?’ He questions committed to finding out all the details. He said all of that- all that he spoke tersely, with wet and thought behind it. It is nothing, said Naddalin quickly, pulling down her hair over her marks; If she- Bureau of

Magic was looking for her, fine, yet this was far more- evil she knew it was one of them. she- did not want to make it too easy for them, either way.

‘Besides was your name, little girl what was your name?’ Stan persisted, over never- ever- ever- never like wanting to forget- her or it, incredibly unique he thought so-o like her. Look here comes Neville saying about the- first name that came into her head, the voices that are, she thought she lost it and some still think she did, even being nothing more than a young kid herself. And so - so the train, went

on quickly, hoping to distract Stan, she was talking with her about the sounds in her head, and did you say it goes anyplace- or they take you to someplace as you yet you are not you but all around you think it is still you- do you have a clue as to what I am saying to you, or is it just jabbering or mind takeover of everything that makes you-you?

'Yep- yep,' said Stan self-importantly… 'Besides, anywhere you like- I would take and kiss you if you say you wanted to, he moved fast, as long as it's on land, and I have the cash

to do so-o, I will do anything you say miss-ie.' 'I can't do underwater, fear of drowning he said, along with being eaten by sharks, like that girl-' 'I have seen that too.' 'How about you and me, go to the next car over,' 'Okay-' she said rubbing her body into his, like a young girl in love would do… all lovesick… and they did hold hands as if they were lovers for years, and I am sad, 'Go be young and crazy, there no harm in it.'

'Only the unified beat of sex and heart together can create ecstasy, and that is what it was for her first time

with a boy. When she closed her eyes, she felt he had many hands run down her body, which touched her everywhere, and many mouths, which passed so quickly over her, she did not want to think over that would end the perfect moment, and with a hot man ever like perceptiveness, his teeth started to go under the surface into her fleshiest parts, he was deep in her lower parts on her and it was exactly right.

Now both naked, looking at one another there was no weird, just feeling right, he laid his full length over her.

She enjoyed his weight on her, enjoyed being- crushed under his body. She wanted him soldered to her, from mouth to feet.

Shivers passed through her body as all 7 inches slipped in between her little line that parted into a tight hole for him to fit into just perfectly, as they did lovemaking for the first time, her first not his, he knew what he was doing.'

She even stopped thinking about Emma too, she was living for the moment of him being the right one at

the right time, the right one for the first time she thought, doing.

‘I don’t kiss and cum! Um- who cares about the kiss and tell…’ thought Dariez.

Yet that is all the same thing- these days.

‘So, yes, I do- do- just that, like a teen girl- that I am!!!’

Naddalin- I was, looking suspicious again, thinking back on all the tricks in the past done to nice girls like her, yet I am thought this is her life

and her young dumb years… I did not have a say.

Neville- She said, they have flag us down, did not they- she said pondering something as if she knew… you have it do not you, you have the crystal that belonged to them do not yah- but-but, oh yes, I know who you are…

Naddalin- Sh-h,’ she said, hushing her with her index finger pressed to her lips, as she was now sitting on one of the benches.

Move your hair away, on your head I want to see the mark, (she shows it) it is- it is you-you are here, aren’t you? The girl that existed, you got hit by having their power, that they once had. your hands are even fried over it, yet you have another 100 years don't you, or something like that, in other words, eternal life? Is that right…?

…She questions…

‘Yes,’ said Naddalin quickly- ‘but you should not know about this,

unless… unless you are like- like, one of them.’

‘Oh, know- I am not one of them…’

Part: 7

I am glad to see that your find, Dariez said Stan, said coming back into the same train car, with the look of what we just do on their face, yet it was all meant to be, so I was happy for them, time was wording, and we were about there. All the color pushing in a tunneling fashion in our eyes and sight. The fear in my mind was that this was

all planned like it was with Kristen, why was he so hot and lust for her, and her the same, unless she, and he and I too were totally hexed charmed by- something or someone, and why was she so wet for him back, and I thought, this is not right- and then I was like do not say anything, you need to think about you- and you only. Dariez even said there was nothing wired all romantic, even if it was like a one-time thing… that will always stay hush-hush! A girl has a lot of those moments in her young life. I see that you walked away with a gift too, I can see you grow a

tell. Said Naddalin, there one hanging down from her skirt.

‘Opie's- forgot to take that out and her face turns bright red.’

It is a Tushy-toys Genuine Fox Tail Butt Plug, she liked the gray and white, well it is better in looking at a butt hole is it not?

Said Dariez, and ‘it’s cute!’ She said following that line, and ‘I love it! We sell them in the gift shop so-o, yes, I said to keep one… I would give her the store if I could… ‘don’t forget about me…’ he said… And she shakes her

butt side to side making it like wage to her sensual movements, saying ‘never-ever’ It was a trade for my underwear, a little something-something to remember me by. I know every time he looks and touches and whiffs them, he will have- to- change his.

‘I plan on keeping it in, and walking around all day with it, like what are they going to do?’

‘Nothing it's your body- girl.’

‘If you think it okay, then do it- you’ll start a trend fox tell hanging down from short skirt.’

Um- something to go with your gray fox ear headphones, you got on there, I's said.

'I told him how much, I like foxes. And how much I like them…'

And he said- 'I have the thing for you, to go with them…'

'This one is just made for a fifteen-year-old girl, he said guessing her age.' 'Next, to the toothbrush of all things, she giggles saying, your close, and a girl never says.'

-And-

Part: 8

Naddalin rummaged once more in the trunk, saying here, I have a book for you on foxes, she extracted some money bag saying have fun in the shop with him, keep it; and Dariez run of skipping playfully, and then shoved some gold into Stan’s hands, pulling him back by looping her finger into his belt keeper, saying- ‘don’t trick me or her, or break her heart, your you’ll see a hell, that you don’t want to pay- understand, yes? Say- yes…!’

…And he did.

Naddalin- ‘Remember boy- you remember sucking up, and she remembers too- sucking down!’

-Then-

Naddalin though about the health, always be an interest to her wondering mind, of what just happened, and she thought deep, know if that boy has been with the average 5- other girls he, might as well have slept with 31 partners, based on the exposure chart, and her to her none.

She thought about the 7 that Karly said by the time she was 17, she

was with mean she was exposed to 127, possibilities of exposers. And then Jenny more than 12 in a year, equals to 4,095 acquaintance that had sexual activities with that person to person and passed to you and them. When you have sex with some remember that you have sex with everyone that he has been with before you, the same with her.

-Any-who-

On top of the trunk, was baby raven's cage balancing tippy on top, on the platform on the train car that hangs

out in the back outside, see the mysterious world go by on its side of ashen, and mysteries, a low fog, and steam wiping around her body, she was still too week to move it; yet she wanted to make sure she was alive and not fried, like last night’s dinner.

Moving into new parts of the train, even Naddalin had not seen yet, a car that she had added, to her line, there were no seats; instead, half a dozen brass bedsteads stood beside the- curtained windows, then it was said that the trip would take another day due to something unexplained,

dark powers, were interfering with the line, I knew, now how was at the bottom of it all, I see were sleeping the night here… Nightlights were burning in brackets beside each bed, very quaint, illuminating the- 1919 wood-paneled walls, of the hoary Pullman cars.

A tiny wizard in a nightcap on each headboard, with the name of Naddalin on each, for gest, she muttered, these are nicer than I could have hoped for, I love the way this all turned out. As she looked at her hands

wrapped in wound tap, a worker said, ‘can I get you anything?’

‘No, thanks, I am just going to roll and fall asleep,’ she said. Before going under the cover of her new bed for the night, or what seemed like night, she shoved her trunk under her- bed… with all the things that she crushed, hoping that they would not be bothered, by any roaming hands that were not her own. Dariez was sitting in front of her- in a rocking chair, recapping her long trilling day. Neville, she is in the other adjacent to the other one catty-cornered to her.

There was another tremendous BANG, and the- next moment Naddalin found herself flat on the bed, thrown backward by the speed of the- Knight Train now pulling in realms, moving forward to the other side. She is reading Nevaeh’s book of her life with thick glasses, nodded to Naddalin, who nervously flattened she bangs again, reading about a girl she may see the right in front of her yet would not see it at all. As she was sitting down on her bed at the edge, just awakened- out of nightmarish shock. Stan, sitting down

in her- armchair next to her now of his shift, magic still happens.

Pulling herself up, Naddalin stared out of the- dark window with a sudden burst of energy, seeing all the things out there distorting and looking otherworldly, and then she saw looking out completely different windows, the town- looking like something you would see in a quaint village set in France in the 1920's that the locals call- Nick-Town for a short name, yet with any land there are many towns within a town, that make an enchanted world, a street with their people, shopping, you

could even start to see the numbers on the street signs, that were showing even as we pass with the naked eye- now, slowing to normal speed, the hint of the castle far away, all we need to do is cross the viaduct over the gorge, nevertheless, we are there we have made to the other side.

Stan was watching Naddalin’s stunned face with great delight, saying ‘‘this is normal,’ for old trains to have moments of feeling as if they're jumping the rails, I looked the same way also my first time too when we re-entered.’

‘Where are we…?’

Dariez was saying over and over trying to flag me down, that she was scared.

‘What is this place…?’

‘We are there sweaty, you have made it over… you are seeing things that most girls your age we never, over the fact these places have been forgotten about, with your new schooling.’

-And-

‘Aww,’ said Ernie, ‘nothing changes here, yet it looks homey.’

‘Like- how come she- Nonmagical peoples Do not shear this train?’ Said Ernie.

Dariez- said ‘I bought it over, not want it to die in a field, for a moment like this it’s just from us, that require it- a hush-hush way in for us only.’

~*~

‘Look at all of them there so cute! They all have had a life like yours, that is why they’re here, so you can

relate to them and them to you.' Said Stan contemptuously. 'Right- right, he is a start boy, this one!'

Unlike back home where- they do not listen properly, do they?

'Don't look properly either. Never notice this so-o much before why now- it could be that you have fallen- to a gentleman, and see the difference now, is worlds apart.' Said Naddalin to Dariez.

'They- don't…?'

Naddalin- So-o ladies it is best now to go wake up more, and not look

frizzy, in need of a bath and bad-birthed, get dressed, and have some cereal, in the dining car and then were off, Stan I see soon, ‘Awah’- said Ern.

Stain- and we will be in a minute to say my final goodbye as your-departure, and he taps ever so softly and sweetly, on her nose saying- ‘I love you!’

-And-

Stan passed Naddalin’s bed for what would be the last time on this trip and disappeared up a narrow wooden hallway. Naddalin was still looking out

of the- window, sitting up in her romped bed, feeling increasingly nervous. Ernie did not seem to have grasped the idea of what to be left to wake up, she was still sitting in her chair.

The- Knight Train, kept rising on up the line of the mountains of tracks climbing ever so gingerly up to the bridge, but it did not hit anything, and it was grinding and squealing; lines of markers for the whistle to blow, and switch tracks of 20 pounds rail- looking sketch-ie for the 8-mile bypass- using the freakishly high up in the air

viaduct, other world animals and people moved out of the way of the snacking train that seems to be making a pathway through the brush, and tall grasses. Stan came down the hall some just to press Dariez into a long slow kiss pressing his body into hers, he was in nothing more than a short green rob, hot out of the shower, where he took her by the hand and said, ‘come on- in here with me’- and she did and the steam lapped her body, as they showered together ever so-o romantically.

‘Final goodbyes yeah- right!’ Though Naddalin.

And there you go, said Stan happily, as she stamped on a towel to draw off, patting her down with another big and fluffy one.

Caring her out in the buff, in his arm then laying her on to her- beds, helping her slide into her uniform, and get her feet into her shoes, he was standing toward the- front of the train car where she said she wanted to sleep for the night, in that- one bed, that just seemed to be saying last night- I can

give you pleasant dreams, as she turned to down with the teddy bear and mint on the pillow ever so distinguished.

Dariez- she clamped a hand tissue to her eyes and then mouth and tottered down as she went down the 2-steps. Stan chucked her bag out, along with ours, after she was out of the way doors no time before they need to be shut; there was another loud BANG, and there was thundering down a narrow lane of the track, it was another train coming down the line adjacent us, trees leaves whistling by its breeze, I

even found myself leaping out of the way, even though I knew it was not even close to me yet felt as if it was right next to me as my skirt blow tight to my legs.

Naddalin would not have been able to sleep even if she wanted to with all the pain, she was feeling with her body that she was in- and over the fact she- and them, had been traveling on a train that did not keep banging loudly and jumping a hundred miles at a time, yet even so she loved the whole experiences.

Looking at the electronic billboards showing videos, being about the only thing, that looked our period, everything else was 1920’s yet, these billboards were rolling top stories of top events within the small town within small villages, as the- fell back to wondering what was going to happen to her crept in her mind.

(Back)

Stan had unfolded a copy of the- daily paper, during his breakfast, and rattled and handed it to me in a crumpled-up ball, yet, I said ‘thank

you;’ besides- he was not reading it, yet what boy this day reads anything… I thought quickly, she had her tongue between the teeth, saying ‘awe- ant’ that cute- he’s one of those smart boys.’

A large photograph of a depressed face man with long, matted hair blinked sullying at Naddalin from the- front page, all the text, and photos were moving about as if charmed, and Naddalin said they are everything has life in here. Along with saying ‘he- this man looks oddly familiar to me.’

‘That man right there she pointed as he tried to hide behind the bleed, of the yellowing page that was tattered and ripped!’ Naddalin then said, disremembering the troubles for a moment.

‘He- was on the- news back home too as wanted,’ ‘so now he’s here?’

Stanley turned to the- front page and chuckled, saying ‘well he got the last laugh, all that will be left is the prize at the end of a rope for him.’

Naddalin- ‘Sound like a girl, that I once knew, and I don’t get the humor in death sorry.’

-And-

Trirus Black is the name- Dariez - said, drowsy, yawing and scratching herself so-o un-lady-like. ‘‘Besides of course,’ like- he was on the- news, Neville.’ Where have you been, she looked as if she just crawled out of bed?’ She- gave a superior sort of chuckle at the- blank look on Naddalin’s face, removed the- front page, and handed it over to her.

‘You want us to teach her,’ Naddalin said in a muffled voice. She- now understood what Firenze’s warning had meant. The attempts are not working, of scaring her about this, she- would do better to not hear it, being so young, and sometimes careless with her life.

Of course, the- other creatures who lived in the- Forest would have heard Dargides fruitless attempts to teach English, do you hear how this child talks, said Naddalin to Dariez think it was sweet and cute but wrong for her age.

Neville- ‘She said, - ant’!’

‘You have room to take the girl with slurring words.’

‘‘Yes, but I have tried all my life to fix it,’ you-you do not care- to show the farmgirls ways you just do, nothing wrong with it but God, the other girls are going to pick at you for it.’

‘Yeah, even if yen’s just’ talk to her a bit for’ yah’ both ta’ see, about it, maybe you’ all can show her, about what she be- down.’ (Say it with a

hillbilly twang.) Said Naddalin with any luck, you see it.

‘Because- I’s reckon, if she- can talk like that people, well undercut, you for how smart- pretty and intelligent you are, I have been there- sweetie.’ Naddalin looked at Emmah, who peered back at her from between the- fingers over her face, trying not to giggle, by looking at her; even more over the fact of the truth, and trying to be nice to her.

‘Kind of makes you wish we had Norrah back, doesn’t it?’ she- said,

and she'd- gave a very shaky laugh, like- yah- no.'

'We'll do it, then?' Said Dargide, who did not seem to have caught what Naddalin had just said, as she walked with them through the station.

'Well…' said Naddalin, already bound by the promise, to make Dariez a fine young lady of the school.'

'We'll do try,' said Dargide, 'as you distinguish- she has a so-o -so reputation already.'

Back home it was the day that the sun went in a total solar eclipse, blocking out all daylight for the first time in 99 years around 12: 15 p.m. in our parts, that made the news more than anything- and freaked out the world admiring the darkness, I looked up now there and thought, I never see this again, yet I wonder if my story well.

‘I knew I could count on yah, Naddalin, to remember to get a video of this event.’ Dargide said, beaming in a very watery way, saying I am getting old, and this reminds me of when I said

this to my dad the first time around, I was no more than 5 yet, I remember, she was dabbing at her face with her hand using a tissue again.'

Dariez- 'I'll wake up and introduce myself.'

'How did it go?'

'Not good, she finds me dumb… I can tell.'

'Ah, I don't know to want your put yourself out there that, like…,' said Neville.

I know you have exams… if yen could just sit down there in your Indiscernibility Robe, where you appear to not be seen by all that is around you, and over here all that we need to know then once a week and have a little chat with them, after knowing all that we need to know.

‘There is no way that I am going to pass her class!’ Said Dariez.

~*~

(Forward a week)

‘What- no!’ said Emmah, jumping about what if... if you would get in trouble for it.’

‘Dargide, would never- ever no, do not wake her we do not need, to do this just to pass these grades if we work hard and kiss up.’

(Back to walking up to the castle)

Nevertheless, Dargide had already stepped over the- great tree trunk, up the pathway that had fallen, a week or so earlier, you would have thought by now that someone would

have cleaned this thing up, but NO! Anyway, in front of them, there were more kids on their way up also proceeding towards the castle, that they would be calling home to for a half a year or so-o.

Naddalin- when she- was about ten feet away, she- raised over the log, working on her levitation ability in her flight, still feeling broken she hit the ground, smiled soothingly over the shoulder at Emmah and the other girls, that was saying- ‘look she not doing any better than us now,’ and in the middle of her- back you could now see all the

wounds and laceration’s within her skin, over her dramatic proceedings, the night before, she was not even able to walk the night be for now she trying to fly? Is she nuts…? Said the one looking shocked… at her even think of such a thing to do to herself in such a weekend state.

She then gave a giant roar out her mouth as if she were passed by some evil power, you called to hear her scream all around she- silent forest; birds in the- treetops fluttered active twittering from there perches’ and soared away, as if frightened, even the

house to upon their knoll’s, overhead rose to flight, right in front of Naddalin and Emmah, meanwhile, as they were walking up the pathway.

The sound like the flying wildlife was rising from the ground to her overpowering shrill yells, her eyes the deepest shade of black color- that they could be as she was crying blood out of them.

Naddalin shuddered as Dariez- placed her small hands on it to hold her down, her knees were knocking and body quivering, something you would

see in exorcism. She- turned her head to see who was looking over them and what had disturbed her, so much, and knowledge was there yet, she was lifted off her feet and thrown into the air as if someone had a hold of her from behind.

'…Are you all right miss-ie,' grayed out- to what was happing in her mind, and then it hit her she was back and terrorizing her?' there and then said Dargide, in a would-be disturbed voice, backing away with the- long bough raised, she feels to her feet hard then knees, ready for something or

something to do to her and again- like a plaything to be toyed with.’

Eh, she hit so hard it knocked her out entirely?’

Naddalin and Emmah retreated as far as they could while keeping the- the evil feels of whatever away, within their sights, yet that was the thing they could not see the evil attacking her from within her mind, yet she knew how and why, all too well- it was one of them, …it was her- and Naddalin knew; between two trees she- had not yet uprooted, as she walked weekend up

the long pathway that wound through the lands of grasses and curly branched trees.

They looked up into she horrifically huge face- that was now overtaking Naddalin's pushing through her skin even, that resembled a devil-looking lion, with horns, that looked as if it wanted to park out of her and eat me, all of sudden the light of the world went out on the day of the eclipse and there was a black full moon swimming, in a red blood-colored sky, and bugs crawling from her mouth, as she was flung into the air yet again, in the-

gloom- of the day she said I can't take any more of this, being attacked within my body mind and soul, they have found me and got at me yet again.

Like- just when I am away for the good they suck me back in… her power of trying to end the madness makes a wave of energy in a column to the atmospheres of the world above her, a swelling cyclone, to over her just like one depicted in the girl's story from years ago, and then Dariez knew, she knew she was the girl from the story, yet she would never admit if she was or was not- even after Dariez,

being 99.9 present sure of the fact. Yet, there was always- that .1 percent, that kept her hushed.

Within the crystal ball was the soul of the girl, we know as Nevaeh, that is why I could see her, and she was looking at me. It was clearing, back to glass, yet I say what I need to know, I became the next one down in the hex.

~*~

The body of Neveah' was the ball, lost for all time, the soul was within Naddalin, yet her mind was not

her complete own, they still had power over that, even being split into three.

A mind that was now going to be shared with Dariez, it was as though her- features had been hewn off and this evil thing was the replacement, it was the entity of the mother- a tower that would never- ever fall entirely.’

~*~

Eh, the- nose, wet and dripping with snot- covered with matted hair, was thick and shaped teeth, the- mouth uneven and full of misshapen yellow tusks.

Um yeah- like- the- size of half Patton bricks following the shape of the diamond of the logo, to be a small week furl sweet innocent not too smart not to dumb of a girl- named Dariez- that is me.

The- eyes, small- yet look through me as if it has taken me to a new place of scared- that I have never been before- completely over-concentration, physique, and personality death; were a muddy greenish-brown, skin, covered in hair. And I wondered why-? Why like- she never had friends, family and all that is

normal for a teen girl- then I thought about that and muttered in my mind, with this entity in her how could she, and in her mind, she heard me say it- at that very moment- I know that she was- NEVAEH.

AND I WAS NEXT!

‘G-e- thanks!’

Dariez- I then was also raised by my dirty ankles backflipping heels overhead, and then like a ball, and in my mind, I started hearing the same voices she had for years now. Saying-

‘you help her you’ll go mad- well make sure of it!’

I had to rub my eyes, vigorously, at once at that very moment, without warning, pushed herself to her feet with surprising speed and liveliness; she had defeated it… how I have no idea?

‘Oh my- I was no longer so mortified!’

Yet, was it all over, and would I get over this?

Naddalin heard Emmah squeal, she could see the haunts with her

naked eyes trying to suck the life out of her, terrified, beside her Dariez, stood and grabbed her hand to hold it.

The- trees to which she was next to hold up the ropes bridge, they were about cross over the vale- started to jump violently as they were on it as if someone was giggling it with all there might, yet, and it felt as if someone had me by wrists and ankles were attached to ominously, trying to take me down the 1,000 feet (about the height of the Empire State Building) or so-o to the watery depth below of the moat- that is protected by extremely dark girl

topless mermaids yet- gorgeous in their way- black and gray tones- with skills of fallen angels- that were snatched out of the air- by theme- like killer whales- within the waters of the fallen of the past- lies a haunted shipwreck hanging in the fog that is tips sideways- many have ventured in to see yet- never came out alive, the mermaids with wisp webbing around their smooth skin- that drifts within the crystal clear waters, that would rip a girl like me apart- for the blood.

They have made that their home, at the far end of the island- in

the middle- with its abandoned lighthouse, inside the ship.

She- was, as scared as she could be. Dargide had said, at least sixteen feet away from the other side, she needs to fly to be safe.

Gazing blearily from place to place and over, Grawp reached out a hand from the other side making it over be for she did, holding out an umbrella saying grab it, I pull you up with it or if you fall to use it to slow your fall. She fell like a bird from its nest from the- upper branches of a towering pine.

She was even turned upside down within her decent with a roar, or a yell of apparent displeasure, of knowing that she was going to die if she did not learn to fly fast… like a bird- the first time out she did; wings spread, and feathers flew, and as she was now towards the end of the water.

Yet- and still, the-ground, seemed like it was forever away, and Dargide threw her arms over, her head to protect herself from the income girl, that was unconfident in her foremost flight.

‘Anyway, Grawpy,’ shouted Dargide, looking up apprehensively in case of further falling of a girl up in the air 100 feet or so-o, for someone to come and make sure that she would land safely, and with magical powers and her hand lifted she made her fall down to her feet perfectly.’

‘I’ve brought some friends ta-meet yen, yet this was not the entrances, that I thought was going to happen with you, that is for sure!’ She spoke.

‘Do you remember when I told yen’s- about all this- in class, ‘I might?’ This story was no fairytale- and I know- I know that one of you is- HER! Yet, I know that you will never tell, over not trusting anyone, not even us- here. Yet we know- to look out for you- and we have it narrowed down to you two.’

Remember, when I said ‘I might have to go on a little trip and leave for a while, I did, this was it… to get her and make sure- she and I had a home that was not a setup… I am going look at her a bit, and she winked her eye?’

‘Remember that Grawpy? To look over, see the next. God help her… yet that was sh-h-h too.’

Nonetheless, Grawp simply gave another low grumble; it was hard to say when she was listening to Dargide or when she- even familiar the- sounds Dargide was making a speech.

Looking around one girl that was- just a spectator felt the wrath of them too she was a tiny thing compared to the other girls, anyways she was hanging at the top of a pine tree, at play beforehand, kids were pulling the

tree towards them, for the- simple pleasure of seeing how far it would spring back when- she- let go, she was flung into the air, into the arms of another girl, she too was being picked on for being the small one.

‘Now stop before someone get hurt, she looks at me and I say- ‘I do not know what I want to do,’ yet she was saying to the other kids, not to do that- that is why you all are here you were like her at one time- were you not.’ shouted Dargide.

‘It's not nice to gang up on others.’ Now pulling the tree down one last time, the girl was able to get down without more than some black and blue marks.

And sure enough, Naddalin could see the- Earth around the- tree’s roots and beginning to crack, as she was over past the water’s edge feeling way to powerful, she had gotten her new life now- one more time around- another 100, yet not a sure thing if they find her yet she has them… she feels as if she has seen over more than 100 years of life- and lives, and that be so,

yet she only lived within 25 years in real-time.

‘I got the company for the yen like I said!’

Dargide shouted- ’company, see- SEE YOUNG LADIES make friends PLAY- INTERACT- don’t kill them- for the love of God, there sweet and younger-looking for someone to care- ABOUT THEM- BE- NICE!’ Naddalin and girls- I brought yen some new friends!’

Oh, Dargide, do not moan Emmah, yet she did over they were

prepubescent babies in her mind that need binkies and babysitters, but Dargide had already raised her hand saying it finally, without saying a word we knew to shut up.

Dargide stumbled of on pine needles and blinking over and over frustrated looked down at her own feet to feeble walk on up the pathway- mumbling something like- ‘mmm- M- kids these days- I remember- when I was a girl… and the sound vanished.’ With her pointer finger out and shaking.

The girl was so-o delighted to let go of the top of the- tree, which swayed frighteningly and deluged She,' said Dargide, hurrying over to where Naddalin and Emmah stood, saying out of breath it's good to get to know you both, her glasses falling off her face and cracked, in the one lens.

'I's Naddalin, Grawp favorite or something, she asked sheepishly- 'no child just old friends! Naddalin is an especially important girl to get to know well.'

One girl said to the other group of girls- ‘Naddalin is that one there! She- might’ becoming, to visit yen’s all if I have to go away, understand? She has not been feeling well.’

Naddalin realized her bandaged hands to them all patting them on the shoulders saying ‘welcome,’ that Emmah was there, saying- ‘see girls she’s nice- don’t be intimidated.’

They watched, in great anxiety, as she- lowered her hands onto them and they could blearily peer over her,

yet they were stunned to see that they were about the same height as them.

‘And the is Emmah,’ see, her- um she is close friends with Dariez- like close…

Turning to Emmah, she- said, ‘would yen’s mind if told them your story, Naddalin?’

‘No- go for it- um, like yet- it’s not easy to tell…’

‘Yet you’ll do a fine job- I know that you well…’ said- Naddalin. ‘Only it’s a difficult remembering all the

name to remember, not the story- for me anyway.'

'No, not at all,' squeaked Emmah, I have it all in my mind down pat.

'Isn't' that' nice? Eh?'

Look at that said some of the professors.

'Two friends for yen are to get to NO!' Grawp's hands had shot out of nowhere towards Emmah, as dementors, scraped and shot up and out - not all the way the closed trunk into thin air; Naddalin seized herself

and pulled herself back behind the- tree with the girls, as she tried to defeat them, she knew whom the spirits belonged too, they would not take NO for an answer.

‘EVIL, this is evil-ness- GIRL, Dargide yelling, as Emmah clung to Naddalin behind she- tree- now, shaking and whimpering- know that it was after her.’

‘VERY BAD GIRL!’

Naddalin poked her head out from around the- large tree trunk and saw Dargide lying on her back she was

dying, her hands over her eyes, she could see their faces, as plain as day- yet all in her head, ‘they made her go brain died,’ along with saying- ‘over me-’ she screamed, as her hand dropped out hers in her last moments.

The other looking around were losing interest, had uncurled, to their shock and awe, and was up and was again engaged into their activities, as the body of an old friend started to decay, in pulling the pages of the day that the typewriter had written spitting out pages automatically… keys- pounding down and the hammers

snapping- pages after pages- flying in the air- staking up, she could see who was at the bottom of it all the one that deceived us- all. Back, and back she investigated the text, and it was always them!

‘Right,’ said Emmah thickly, getting up with one hand pinching her bleeding from her nose and the- other hand gashed and dripping blood.

‘Well… their yen are… you have made a friend and lost them on the same every day, welcome to my life,’ said Naddalin.

‘You have met her and now she’ll see you in this life ever again- her lives are all over- they took them… it was all of them… them- they…’

‘Yeah… well… That’s life and it goes pushing on.’ Said Emmah.

She- looked up at all those young faces, who was now pulling back the- pine tree down was a kid that was possessed BY- THEM- THEM- THEM!!!

Then with an expression of detached pleasure this girl looked at me with a super creeper- creep evil grin, and gold eyes, with her head,

cocked to the side saying- ‘I’ll kill you- for the f*ck of it!’

Standing on the boulder’s face of a large monument statue of an old wise wizard of the past; that was more powerful than ever before him, now the one that shall not be named his- that title, see- the tree started to uproot where was standing creaking as it falls ripped away from the world, the ground, to also decay- like her on the inside.

‘Well, I reckon that’s enough for one day,’ said Emmah.’

‘We’ll- shell we go now, shall we?’ Naddalin And Emmah nodded, handheld and sad.

Emmah’s shouldered had her arms cross again on top of them, and still, Naddalin was pinching the nose, leading the- way back into the- trees down the dusking pathway.

Nobody spoke for a while, not even when they heard the- distant crash, even so, that meant they had passed all the- pine trees at last and were moving into the open clearing.

Emmah’s face was pale as she had to sit for a while on a bench, just so her mind could go blank. Naddalin could not think of a single thing to say. What was going to happen when they all found out what was hidden in the- Forbidden Forest?

Then she- had promised too, Jinger and Emmah and the other girls, that she would continue what seemed like pointless attempts to civilize the attacks on them, yet she would win out.

Monsters- they were never loveably harms- fools they are, that

should never- have been, or mix with humans. Demoniac's they are- in what you saw demoniac.

'Hold it,' said Dariez abruptly, just as Naddalin and Emmah were struggling through a patch of thick knotgrass behind her- not sticking to the pathway.

Naddalin And Emmah raised their hands; now that they had stopped walking, they, too, could hear movement close by, they were being flowed as if there were evil eyes on them.

‘Oh, Joannah’ said Emmah quietly, that was the person that came up behind them startling them.

…Or was it?

Naddalin did not trust, that thought of only!

‘I thought we told you, never to do that,’ said a deep male voice, that a girl should not have ever,’ that you are no longer welcome in our group said Emmah?’ ‘You're creepy… to us girls even, and you did that to yourself.’

‘That was not nice-’ said one other girl- standing there that was new-

yet the look that they all gave her was not to question it any further.

‘We were nice to you, and you stabbed us in the back… so-o, go-o.’

~*~

A girl’s naked torso seemed for an instant to be floating towards on a chestnut brown horse’s in-flight dappled in a glowing half blueish -light glowing around its wings then they saw that her hair was joined smoothly into its body- by its main as if they were linked mind, body, and soul. The horse

had a proud stance, high cheekbones, a long face with long brown layered hair.

The girl was armed; With arrows and a longbow were slung over the shoulders, as asked of the school to protect us from harm. Our bodyguard. The- trees behind her rustled and four or five more centaurs emerged behind her, that she was starting to fight for us.

Afterward-

‘How is yes, Lily?’ Said Emmah said circumspectly, like the rest of the girls.

Naddalin recognized the- bodies of the girl right away, whom she- had met many- many moons a- ago on the- same night- this took place, when she had to live on and not die, now the same night of the aligning the great eclipse.

Yet, she gave no sign that she- had ever seen Naddalin before, yet it seemed as if she was covering the fact that she had known her for years even.

‘So-o,’ she- said, with a horrid nuance in her voices, before turning immediately to Lily.’

‘We agreed, I think, what we would do if they would ever show their faces in the- forest again?’

‘I REMEMBER BEING- human now, am I have- fallen and have to live with it…,’ said Lily.

‘You and I- like always being: ‘us’ will be stopping’ all the committing’ murder, by them- and her most of all.’

‘You ought not to have meddled girls with them,’ said Lily.’ Along with saying- ‘there highly demented.’

‘Our ways are not yours, nor are our laws- here things are quite different than back where you all are from, in your small towns. These girls have betrayed and dishonored us, yet there is the highest of all of us, and we take the wrath still.’

You neither knowledge about what happens down there, or you do, it will all work itself out,’ said Emmah impatiently, there here they make trouble, and we hope that they go down there and when they're down there we hope they stop, and they're here so we can take care of the destruction.

‘She’s did not do anything except help Duerre- and them. That is speculation… but that is so-o.’

Firenze- said and I overheard.

Part: 9

‘Oh no, don’t ever say that.’ Said Naddalin.

‘Firenze has entered into servitude to humans,’ said a grey centaur with a hard, deeply lined face, and ghostly figure. ‘Serfdom!’ Said Naddalin said scathingly of her bandages. ‘She is doing’ us all a favor is all, it for your good trust her.’

‘She- is peddling our telling our secrets among humans,’ said Lily quietly, and killed young girls to get in their mind, and use their bodies for their dementors to live within, so they have a life that is immortals. There can be no return from such disgrace, yet they are still here!’

‘If yen’s say so,’ said Emmah, shrugging her shoulders, ’but partially I think you’re making’ a big mistake.’

‘As are you, human, once- so were they and they want to be in the worst way’ said Neville, ’coming back

into our Forest when we counseled you.'

'Now, yes listen to me,' said Naddalin angrily. You're new here, be nice to her, she knows more then, and at this point is the head of all things here, she was one that had to live with their wrath, you have one her to tell her story is real and your life before now- was nothing compared to yours.'

'No more is it up to you, said Lily effortlessly, you have a mind think for yourself.'

Guards- ‘We shall let you pass today because you are accompanied by your tutors, they make their way into the castle, for the first time; looking totally- awestruck eyes wide and mouth dropped.’

‘…They’re not right are they…?’ Said the one girl interrupted the others contemptuously.

‘Students, Lily, from up at her- Hayvannahol! Small town girls…’

‘They have probably already profited from the- traitor Firenze’s teachings.’

‘Nevertheless,’ said Lily calmly, ‘the- slaughter of foals is a terrible crime we do not touch the- innocent.

Today, Dargide, you pass, right why do you think they wanted her at final death? The- effort it took was not worth it, it is like they cannot stay away from this place, even if the powers have fallen and not as strong as they once were.

‘You pay for the- friendship of the- centaurs that would help the- traitor Firenze escape us- and she is at the heart of it all.’

‘I won’t be kept out of The-Forest, they say in their mind that was taken over, as they went into trances.

‘Let us go, please let us go…!’ Naddalin said Emmah and then girls in a high pitched, as if a young girl voice of the past was trying to get out, a terrified voice, as both girls were being chased down by this- grey-black centaur pawing at them and hitting the ground just behind them as the room the ground within the wall of the castle, with its claw-like hands with long nails…

Lily moved forwards, but the crossbow was still raised- not really need yet it makes her feel safe, and the eyes were still fixed threateningly upon, eviler creeping upon them, at last, they can see, Dargide meeting back up with them, saying- ‘come on.’

‘Lily called after them, as the- centaurs slipped out of sight, that could be good then and then not so-o much too.

And our tolerance is waning!’

‘We know that they are hiding within The- Forest, over the fact that it

just too haunted and creepy for most of us girls to enter in!’

Dargide turned and gave every appearance of wanting to walk straight back to Lily. ‘You’ll tolerate’ them as long as she’s there if it would not before her you would be able to.’

‘It’s as much our Forest as yours, back off and leaves us alone,’ the young of the girl’s shrieked in a tight ear pricing way- of jittery nervousness, as it was sucking them back into it, from the castle walls into the dark

deeps of the mysterious ominous woods!’

‘We just keep on getting pulled back by them, even as hard as we run, we can’t get away.’

She- yelled, as Naddalin and Emmah both pushed with all their might against Dargide’s coat to keep her moving forward, her being the biggest of them all.

Dariez- is still looking frightened like them all yet, she keeps- looked down; with the expression of fear not changed to mild surprise at

the- sight of them both pushing her; almost over, yet she is not holding on knowing she is being braver than them, pushing from behind the group. She- seemed not to have felt it, but she was showing her true colors of bravery.

‘Calm down, you two,’ she- said, turning to walk on, while they panted along behind her- now as she ran past them with all her might.’

‘Dargide,’ said Emmah breathlessly, skirting the- patch of nettles they had passed on their way there,’ if the- centaurs do not want half-

humans, like this girl's half-bloods, that are here for transformation to this world in the- Forest, they feel that have a place to control and take at well.

Lily- 'Like- it doesn't look as though Naddalin… they want the girls they want you!!!'

'And I will be able ah to end this,' you heard what they said, said Dariez dismissively, 'they would not hurt foal's- kids- I mean would they?'

Naddalin- 'Yes, yes- they would you should have seen what they did with kids in their orphanage on Earth,

years ago, like Kristen, she has pages, about it all, it horrific.'

Dariez- 'Anyhow, we cannot let ourselves be pushed around by them, that is what they want… they want you- to do that… fight them, and then you're in the wrong, and you let it go, and you're wrong too- what do you do?'

'Nice try,' Naddalin murmured to Emmah, who looked crestfallen.

At last, they rejoined the- path and, after another ten minutes, the- trees began to thin once more; they were able to see patches of the clear

blue sky again and, in the- distance, the- definite sounds of cheering and shouting.

‘Was that an added goal?’ asked Emmah, pausing in the- shelter of the covering of the- trees as the- Claepsiara stadium came into view.’

‘Like- do yes reckon her- games are over?’

‘I do not know,’ said Emmah miserably.

Naddalin saw that she- looked much more than worse for wear; her hair was full of twigs and leaves, and

her uniform was now completely ripped in several places and there were numerous scratches on her faces and arms as well.

Naddalin she- knew she- must look little better than the night before yet that was not so-o. Yet, she was going to oversee the games.

-And-

You ought to read the- papers more, Neville, it has all these games and events listed on it.

Part: 10

-And-

Naddalin held the- paper up to the- lantern light and read: BLACK STILL ON THE LOSE Trirus Black, The- most dishonorable person ever to be held in Dizeryland fortress, is still eluding capture, the- Bureau of Magic inveterate now, as you can see it is life with the pages.

Besides- girls, we are doing all we can to recapture Black is said to see our panic on our faces as we read and viewed, said ‘the- Martita of Magic, Cornelius Harlan, the morning, and we

beg the- magical community to remain calm, just like you girls don’t worry about a thing.’

-And-

Harlan has been criticized by some members of the- International Federation of Warlocks for informing she- nonmagical people Prime Martita of the- crisis.

‘And, well, really, I had to do not you know,’ said an irritable Harlan.

‘Black is livid, angry, furious, and mad.’

‘There is a danger to anyone who crosses this person, magic world, or Earthly.’

‘I have the- Prime Martita’s assurance, that she- will not breathe- a word of Black’s identity to anyone. Besides, let us face it- who would have faith in her if she- did?’

-And-

Even though nonmagical peoples or ‘Early people’ have been told that Black is carrying a gun, (a metallic wand, that Nonmagical

peoples use to kill each other called a dagger…)

The- magical community lives in fear of a massacre, like that of one year ago and a day ago when Black murdered one hundred thirteen people with a single curse. On the 24th day, on the 12th month, 366 days (about 1 year) ago or so-o would mark the bloodbath of spraying for fame. The sown was high too, I remember… all those kids, think about the moms and dads and how they feel the next day not having them.

Naddalin looked into the- shadowed eyes of Trirus Black.

Dariez- The- only part showing now, and within the frame of the photograph- sunken face and head of the kids he killed, to make love to after they were no longer fighting back- like this is what he would do to them, see- see all this in the background of those floating body parts detached bobbing in green licked, that did not survive- his ah- hum- pounding.

It says- that he keeps all their body parts- in glass jars on his desk,

next to his vintage typewriter-like his manuscript, that we never- ever will become exposed, or be published; it said- here that he makes sick twisted, freak me- stories of wanting to make creepy- creeper love to kids…'

Naddalin- 'It says he is a- necrophiliac!' Along with saying in the same breath- 'Do we really put all nuts in the same category- he eats crayons, and roll his turds into balls, then too.'

Blink- blink- blink… is what Dariez did…

‘You think that too- of him, and may not be so-o don’t believe, everything you read about someone that may have had a set- up.’

‘Fa-h,’ said Emmah, ‘you believe what you want… I would believe that is so-o.’

Duriez- ‘like you were never really uncomfortable, you were just irritated with everyone's stupid.’

‘I feel you…’ said Naddalin, at that moment, in that day, and at that very heartwarming time; they were

bounding as she was her child she never had.

Overhearing the girls talking in a group huddle not so far away…

‘There was one that seemed alive, and he keeps her whole body up for his BITCH ‘till she did- passed- over to our side, yet with him on top of her, earthly body.’

Naddalin had never met an Ash Angels, yet she did today the girl was me- Emmah.

Emmah- ‘I was the one, that almost survived too.’

But… she- had seen pictures of them in her defense think about it at that moment- against The- Dark Arts classes, and Black.

Yet, the girl showing her other side to her now was and is changing before her eyes, with her waxy white skin, looking like an angel she has never seen before.

The wings would have a covering of ash, that would fall to the ground, like paper remnants- that still smoldering and part light with a flame, in shades of gray, and fall like unique

snow flacks, along with a body that would burn… as well and then start a new life- in that some incense, before your eyes, as she wept in sadness putting out her flaming dismay and passion to take back what she had lost, over her former life.

Alter Ego

Emmah-

(Back)

The shadow- that shows through- from within and then back out. ‘Stamina is everything, that is energy and strength.’

‘I got stamina- don't give up, I won't give up- I got stamina!’

Damen’s dark eyes focus on mine all the time if I want my privacy or not, they see into me and out and looking into my eyes reflecting it see

them within me, wiles me to listen, really listen to them all the time, like her I now have this too.

I press my lips together and nod, her voice beaten by the one in my head influence: Tell you all that I am not crazy I hear the voices too! She was never crazy, and it has made us closer- than ever.

I- Emmah- thought- Tell them all about what they cannot understand, they have taken over me, like her with their hex!

Quit stalling, I thought yet they have my mind and just get it over with!

Nevertheless, I do not, I will not say a word, nothing but the feeling of traumatized going through me- of all the one before me- feeling their every emotion. I just delay for her to endure so-o, I can delay even further, with the voices ripping through me.

Raise your hand, she nods, palms out, moving toward mine, feeling the sparks of link up with memories and transmitting them to one girl to the other.

Lifting my arm unhurriedly, carefully, figured out to evade any bodily contact when she says, ‘Now tell me, what do you perceive?’

I squint, unsure what Naddalin is after with me doing this, then shrugging I say, ‘Well, I see pale skin, long fingers, a freckle or two, nails in serious need of a manicure…’

‘Really, yet now think about, that does sound about right.’

She beams, as though I just passed the world’s easiest test.

Even so, if you could see it as it is, you would not see that at all, there are so many more - yet you can see- and that is more than most. Instead, you would see a group of fragments encompassing neutrons, protons, quarks, and electrons.

And within those little quarks, down to the littlest idea, you would see zilch- but pure vibrating energy moving at a speed slow enough, that it seems hard and solid, and yet, rapidly abundant, that it can’t be seen for what it is.’

Not sure- to unbelievably, I narrow my eyes; never mind the circumstance that she has been studying this stuff for hundreds of years.

‘Trust.’ She said to me, enthusiastically.

‘Seriously, ever- nonentity is distinct.’

Fully taken to the subject now, she leans toward me.

‘The whole thing is one. Items that give the impression of dense, like you and I, and this sand that we’re

sitting on, are just a mass of energy vibrating gradually enough to seem hard, while things like spirits and ghosts vibrate so quickly, they're nearly unbearable for most humans to see- yet we can see it.'

'I see you,' I say, eager to remind her of all the time, I used to spend with my ghostly sister.

'Or at least I used to, you know before she overlapped the bridge and moved on- like all the others.'

'I have met her, I think.'

‘Also, that’s accurately why- you can’t see you anymore.’ She nods. I want you to be with a girl named- Dariez, be a girlfriend to her, she is like me in so many ways you will love her- I can see that too- for you.

‘Her vibration is moving too wildly. Though some can see past all of that.’

I gaze at the water before us, the swells rolling under the bridge that was standing on, one after another. Endless, never-ending, immortal- like us.

‘Now raise your hand again and bring it so close to mine we just nearly touch.’